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"Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE
Your old range taken in exchange

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A HUMAN WEAKNESS UNDER LIMELIGHT

(Original.)

Physical man is composed of a bundle of mechanical contrivances fitted to work together for a purpose. A weakness of a nerve, a defect in the composition of a tissue, may mar the whole and deprive the body of the power of doing its work. Moral man is fashioned in the same way. A person may have every attribute for a splendid career except one, which will throw the rest out of gear and produce collapse.

Rodney Bell led his class at college and at the medical school and was one of the picked men at both for whom a splendid career was predicted. When at sixteen Rodney left home for the university he was in the midst of a youthful love affair. The object of his attachment was Luella Oliver, nearly his own age, a pretty, sprightly, feminine creature who seemed to require the most tender handling if she was to develop into a woman. When they parted, Rodney hung about her neck a gold locket in which was a picture of himself that she had asked for, telling her that if ever she was dissatisfied with his treatment of her to send it back to him. "I am very ambitious," he said, "and may be so absorbed in my career as to offer you some slight neglect. The sight of this gift will bring me to my senses."

Rodney was at college and the medical school eight years, and then took a postgraduate course at Paris. He spent his vacations during his college career at home, but it happened that at both Luella was absent. In eight years, from sixteen to twenty-four, there is time for many changes. He was passing away from the influence of his early love, and their correspondence had nearly dropped. When Rodney wrote, Luella did the same. If he failed to write, Luella was silent. Finally while abroad he remembered one day that no letter had passed between them for four months. He remembered the locket he had given her and asked, "If she is dissatisfied with me she will send it to me." But to make sure he wrote her asking if she had sent it. This made him feel comparatively easy, though he could not quite get rid of a fear that he might have hurt her.

When Dr. Bell was thirty-five he was a celebrated surgeon. He was in love with his profession and used to say that he had not time to be in love with any one or anything else. If he was, it was certainly the remembrance of his child love. Many prominent women, both rich and beautiful, tried to win him, but they all failed.

One day he was called to a hospital

to perform an operation on a woman. Her hair was almost white; her cheeks were sunken; her skin was wrinkled. She appeared to be about fifty years old. The surgeon was informed that she had been a hard worker, supporting her aged mother for years, and that she had some time before been advised that if she did not take a rest she must suffer the consequences. The woman was laid on the operating table, the assistant physicians and nurses gathered round, each drilled in the performance of his or her duties, and the work of life saving commenced.

But it turned out not to be a case of saving life. The surgeon's work was successfully accomplished, but the woman had been so enfeebled by overwork and the suffering resulting from her ailment that she had not the strength to rise above the influence of the anesthetic. In ten minutes after the operation was completed she passed away.

Dr. Bell, knowing that he had done his part and done it well, was only affected by the result as any surgeon would be affected at losing a patient. One by one the doctors and nurses left the room, leaving the body on the table for removal. Dr. Bell, having forgotten one of his instruments, went back for it. The sun, shining through a window, glistened on something on the bosom of the dead woman, which had become exposed by a disarrangement of her dress. The doctor, without being able to define a reason for doing so, stepped to the table and took up the shining object. It was a small locket. Hastily opening it, he beheld the likeness of a handsome boy, full of life, of hope, of love. He recognized himself at sixteen and knew that the dead woman was Luella.

There was nothing in the woman's face or figure to awaken that youthful love—no beauty to remind him of her he had known. He did not stoop to kiss the lips. He did not touch the body even to remove the token. He did not see Luella, the flesh. He saw far in the past his child love, who had been too self sacrificing to send him the token to remind him of her. Now loomed up before him as a contemptible moral weakness. He saw only Luella as an angel of goodness and himself a devil of corruption. Perhaps he was too condemnatory of himself. Who knows? No living being could have induced him to grant himself one iota of excuse or forgiveness.

That was the last operation Dr. Bell ever performed. In his prime, of unimpeded nerve, possessing undiminished skill, he was still no longer fitted to practice his profession. He had applied to be a perfect man, and it was suddenly revealed to him that in him was an imperfection so terrible in his sight that he no longer respected himself. In the life of this delicate, hardworking woman he had seen that which put him to shame for the rest of his life. He went abroad and became a wanderer. In ten years his blighted life was ended. F. A. MITCHEL.

Thin Blood

Experience counts anything with you? Then what do you think of 60 years' experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla? Sixty years of curing thin blood, weak nerves, general debility! We wish you would ask your own doctor about this. Ask him to tell you honestly what he thinks it will do for your case. Then do precisely as he says.

We have no secrets! We publish the formula of all our medicines! J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.



Have You Weather Insurance on Your Home?

The Health & Milligan

Best Prepared Paint

Is the Strongest Possible Insurance Against Weather Rot

Better apply a coat and thus insure before it's too late.

For Sale By C. W. Averill & Co., Barre, Vt.

RATE BILL TO CONFERENCE

Taken From Speaker's Table
For Consideration

THIS PLAN DECIDED ON

For Lock Type Canal—Appropriations in the Sundry Civil Bill Are to Be Made on Such a Basis.

Washington, D. C., May 25.—The railroad rate bill will be taken from the speaker's table today and sent to conference. The delay before taking this action was caused by Republican leaders trying to reach an agreement with the minority whereby the bill might be sent to conference by unanimous vote. Minority Leader Williams took the position that if the Republicans would consent to concur on four of the 53 Senate amendments, he would consent to non-concur on the remaining 49 and ask for a conference. This alternative proposition will not be accepted.

The amendments the minority leader wished to concur in are those including express companies within the jurisdiction of the interstate and foreign commerce committee; striking out the words "fairly remunerative," as applied to the rate to be fixed; specifying the terms of the bill of lading to be used, and that leaving the commission as it now exists. There is no particular objection by the majority to the first three of these amendments, but the House provision increasing the size of the commission will be adhered to tenaciously by the House conferees.

NEW CLASH OVER CANAL.

House Wants Lock Type; Senate Favors Sea-Level Plan.

Washington, May 25.—The sundry civil bill when reported from the House committee on appropriations will not contain anything suggesting the type of canal to be constructed at Panama, but will appropriate for the canal on the basis of the lock system.

Chairman Tawney has made an inquiry and is convinced that a large majority favors a lock canal, and any attempt to amend the bill so as to provide for a sea-level canal will fail.

Many senators have inquired of Mr. Tawney what would be the effect of an amendment in the Senate to the sundry civil bill providing for a sea-level canal, stating that it was quite probable that a majority of the Senate favored that type. In reply Mr. Tawney said that the Senate would be obliged to recede or the House would have to instruct him to accept such an amendment, as he would oppose any proposition of that kind in an appropriation bill.

MOVE TO HELP STOESEL.

President Is Asked to Intercede for Russian General.

Washington, May 25.—An effort to get President Roosevelt to intercede for a new trial for Gen. Stoessel, defender of Port Arthur, condemned to death by the Russian government, is being made. Solomon Stoessel of Cleveland, who says he is a cousin of the Russian general, has written to the President asking him to act.

According to a Cleveland despatch, Stoessel ascribes Gen. Stoessel's trouble to the fact that he is a Jew and was hated by Kuropatkin. The President is not expected to take any hand in the affair.

Where Had He Heard That Name?

The stage coach that carries the mail between Kent's hill and Readfield station in Maine drew up along the roadside and the driver accosted a little old man working in a field.

"Do you know who Mrs. Abby B. Brown is and where she lives?" "The old man considered. "Brown, Abby B. Brown?" he repeated. "You don't mean Mrs. Polly Brown, do you?" "No, Mrs. Abby B. Brown; we've got a letter for her."

"B, you say the middle letter is B, do you? I know a whole lot of Browns that live on the other side of the road, but there ain't any Abby B. among them. You don't mean Abby B. Smith, do you?" She lives over."

"No, it's Abby B. Brown. We'll find her somehow. Thanks."

The stage-driver started his horses, but before the corner was reached a faint "Hello" caused the passengers to turn around. The old man, who in hand, was pursuing the stage, was in the rear.

"Brown, Mrs. Abby B. Brown, did you say? Why, I know her. She's my wife." "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in Everybody's Magazine for May.

BARGAINS IN MEDICINE.

A woman once wrote us that she was not going to buy Scott's Emulsion any more because it cost too much. Said she could get some other emulsion for less money. Penny wise and pound foolish. Scott's Emulsion costs more because it is worth more—costs more to make. We could make Scott's Emulsion cost less by using less oil. Could take less care in making it, too. If we did, however, Scott's Emulsion wouldn't be the standard preparation of cod liver oil as it is to-day.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

Perfect Sleep



Women Who Are
Free From Female
Ills Sleep Soundly

Points to the Cause

How many women are troubled with insomnia! How few, alas, habitually sleep the night through and rise refreshed.

If you can't sleep it is because your nerves will not let your body rest. Women's nervous troubles come from female diseases. Their delicate organism is a network of intricate nerves. No woman can suffer from female irregularities without eventually ruining her nervous system. Get rid of female disease and the perfect sleep of childhood will return.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cures all female troubles and restores nerve equilibrium and brings sound, restful, healthful, natural sleep. Thus does this wonderful remedy operate to bring health to suffering women.

Wakefulness and Nervousness Cured

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Last spring, I lost my appetite, had headaches, and bearing down pains with cramps so that I was in perfect misery. I became wakeful and extremely nervous.

I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am pleased to state that I derived immediate benefit and soon enjoyed permanent relief.

Within eight weeks I was restored to normal health and felt refreshed and strengthened as though I had enjoyed a lengthy vacation.

Since that time I have recommended your Compound to a number of my lady friends suffering with female irregularities, and those who have used it report great benefit from its use.

965 College Ave., Appleton, Wis.

Vice-President Social Economic Club.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women of female diseases than any other medicine in the world. Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, advises sick women free. She will write you a personal letter if you tell her about your case.

Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

SOME FREAKS OF GOLF BALLS.

Fell in Odd Places—Killed Birds and on One Occasion a Sheep.

It does not often happen that a ball falls a victim to a golf ball in its flight, although such a mishap has occurred in two or three instances.

Not long ago an incident of this kind was reported from Raynes Park Golf club. It took place in the course of a bogey competition. One of the players, Mr. Crocker, having driven off at the eleventh tee, his ball created some astonishment by coming in contact with a lark in midair and literally knocked off its head.

A similar incident happened last season but one on the ground of the Birkdale Club. Two members were playing a round when one of them made a brass shot. The ball was in full flight when a bird of the wingtail species was seen crossing the line of flight, and the next moment both objects came into collision at a distance of about forty paces from the striker.

The consequences were fatal to the unfortunate bird, which was not only killed but decapitated. As for the golf ball, its flight was stopped by the impact the ball falling to the ground within a few yards of its slaughtered victim. The incident had the further effect of losing the player the match, he having to make an extra stroke or two to cover the distance shot-covered this costing him the game.

A still more extraordinary freak of a golf ball resulted in a tragedy on the Balmuccia Links in Scotland. In the course of a match one of the players in his drive from the sixth tee, put so much vigor into it that the ball struck a sheep on the head with such force as to cause it to fall dead on the spot.

A very different, but no less interesting story was reported from another links in Scotland about the same time. In a four-some match, played at North Berwick, one of the golfers drove his ball against a wall. It rebounded into some rough grass and for a few minutes could not be traced, but ultimately the caddy found the ball lying in a hole's nest in which there were four eggs, all unbroken. For a ball to drop into a nest of eggs without breaking any was surely an extraordinary occurrence.

It is not long since a player at Woking, in approaching the hole, landed a ball on the top of the clubhouse. This little incident did not, however, upset his equilibrium very much. As he probably could be followed the ball to the roof, and from that vantage of disadvantage played it so well that he was successful in securing a half of a hole which everybody considered irretrievably lost.

A similar scene was once witnessed on the St. Andrews links in the course of a three-ball match. One of the players happened to drive his ball on to the corrugated iron roof of a shed and, in the belief that he had consequently given up the hole, the other two calmly proceeded with the match. But they had reckoned without Lady Luck, for the next moment there was a great clatter of feet on the iron roof. Barely had the warning cry of "Fore" reached the players' ears when a ball whizzed on to the course close by. It was that of the other player, who had mounted to the roof and played it from that unexpected corner. —From Tit-Bits.

SHOOTING AT OHIO MINERS.

Strikers Fire a Fusillade at Non-Union Workers.

Smithfield, O., May 25.—The war in the Eastern Ohio coal fields is on. After a night of almost constant firing in the hills the Plum Run mine was opened yesterday morning for the first time in seven weeks. The non-union miners marched down the hill toward the pits under heavy guard. They were greeted by a fusillade from the bushes and hurried to cover. The fact that the hollow in which the mine is situated is heavily overgrown with underbrush saved the guards and non-union men from harm.

WEAK STOMACH

AND SICK HEADACHE CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Another Triumph for the Tonic Treatment for Disorders of the Digestive System.

The symptoms of stomach trouble vary. Some victims have a ravenous appetite, others loathe the sight of food. Often there is a feeling as of weight on the chest, a full feeling in the throat. Sometimes the gas presses on the heart and leads the sufferer to think he has heart disease. Sick headache is a frequent and distressing symptom.

A weak stomach needs a digestive tonic and that there is no better tonic for this purpose than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the statement of Mr. A. C. Merrill, a mining man, of Oxnard, Calif., a veteran of Battalion C, Third U. S. Regular Infantry.

"I had never been well since I left the army," he says, "always having had trouble with my stomach, which was weak. I was run down and debilitated. Could keep nothing on my stomach; and at times had sick headache so bad that I did not care whether I lived or died. My stomach refused to retain even liquid food and I almost despaired of getting well as I had tried so many kinds of medicine without relief. Then I was bitten by a rattlesnake and that laid me up from work entirely for a year, six months of which I spent in bed."

"One day a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me and I began taking them. They cured me when all other medicine had failed. I have recommended the pills to a great many, for during my recovery every one asked me what was helping me so and I told them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I cannot speak too highly of them."

If you want good health you must have good blood. Bad blood is the root of all common diseases, like anemia, rheumatism, scintia, neuralgia, St. Vitis' dance, nervousness, indigestion, debility, general weakness, paralysis, locomotor ataxia and the special ailments that only women-folk know. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and this is the secret of their success in these diseases.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 60c per box, six boxes for \$2.90 by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.